

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

No. 1.

New York Mariners' Church.

On Sabbath afternoon, the 4th ult. in the Mariners' church in Roosevelt street, New York was held the Twenty-eighth Anniversary of the opening of that place of worship for seamen. The services were conducted by the Rev. Henry Chase, who has been laboring in the cause for more than twenty-five years.

The text chosen on that occasion was Num. xxiii. 23, "What hath God wrought!" After a few remarks relative to God's dealings with the Jews, and the employment of means to accomplish his gracious designs towards them, Mr. Chase proceeded to make some observations:

1. Upon the condition of seamen;
2. Upon the importance of their religious instruction, and,
3. Upon what God hath done for them.

As the discourse occupied nearly three quarters of an hour, the following is a very brief sketch of it.

CONDITION OF SEAMEN.

The condition of seamen though greatly meliorated by the labors of the last thirty years, is far from being all that is desirable. The circumstances in which they are placed by their occupation, and which in some respects, it is impossible to remedy, are unfavorable to their moral and religious im-

provement. Their lives abound in rapid changes any perilous events. For the most part, they are deprived of the Christian Sabbath and the means of grace. They seldom enjoy, for and length of time, the benefits of religious example; and are frequently thrown into associations the most demoralizing. There are, indeed, many temperate, and some pious seamen; many who resort to the Sailor's Homes and the Temperance boarding houses; many who are regular and exemplary in their attendance upon public worship when on shore, and who exert a happy influence on their shipmates around them. But it is still painfully true, that the majority of seamen are "living according to the course of this world," and "following the devices and desires of their own hearts."

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

It is important on their own account, that seamen should be brought under religious instruction. Their own salvation depends upon it. Their number is large, being estimated above two millions of men; and they have immortal souls as precious as our own. They should have the gospel preached to them, because "it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Besides, seamen are connected by the

dearest ties, with their families and friends, whose morals and happiness are deeply affected by their example; and to whom they prove a blessing, or a curse, according to the tenor of their conduct. Teach them the way of salvation for lost sinners, and bring them to the obedience of Christ, and you do much to communicate the purity and happiness of religion to their social and domestic circle.

The influence of seamen upon the morals and religion of our towns, and seaports, and upon our foreign operations, is greater than is generally believed. By their presence and money, they give countenance and support to theatres, dramshops, and other places of dissipation; and by their unholy example they frequently obstruct the labors of the missionary, and thus help to swell the tide of moral death, which flows on to the ruin of millions. The entire reformation of seamen would dry up many a fountain of iniquity, bring an important moral and religious influence upon our towns and seaports, and greatly aid in extending the blessings of the gospel in Pagan lands.

Seamen are entrusted, upon the high seas, with a vast amount of property and many precious lives. We commit, not only our wealth, but our nearest and dearest friends, to their fidelity and care. We do this in circumstances which awaken our deepest solicitude. How important, then, that they should be men of temperate habits and moral principles! And how important that they should be instructed to "live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world!"

WHAT HATH BEEN DONE FOR SEAMEN.

"The Lord hath done great things for seamen." He employed the means by which a great improvement has been effected in their condition. In his own time, he put into the hearts of the friends of seamen, to commence this good

work, which has prospered to the present time.

It was not till the year 1817 that any efficient or concerted efforts were made to supply the moral desolations of the ocean. In that year attention was directed to the subject, simultaneously, in London and New York. There a floating chapel was fitted up on the Thames, here a mariners' church was erected in Roosevelt street.

In New York the commencement was small. The effort was regarded in the light of an experiment. It was a question whether seamen could be induced to attend public worship. But the friends of the cause, trusting in God, and praying for divine direction, resolved to go forward. Meetings were held for consultation, at the house of the late Jonathan Little, Esq., in John street, which resulted, on the 5th of June, 1818, in the formation of the Society for promoting the gospel among seamen in the port of New York.

As this was no sectarian scheme, a Board of thirty directors was chosen from among the different evangelical denominations. Without delay, they procured a place of worship for seamen, which, however, soon proved too small to accommodate the numbers that attended. They now found themselves engaged in an immense undertaking, but they did not hesitate. Arrangements were made for building a church. The corner-stone was laid, the structure was finished, and on the 4th of June, 1820, the church in Roosevelt street, the first ever erected for seamen, was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. The religious services on those occasions were performed by four clergymen belonging to four different denominations, namely, Dr. Romeyne, Dr. Milnor, Dr. Matthews, and the Rev. Mr. Soule. It was a great day for seamen, and should be celebrated with thanksgiving at every returning anniversary. From that day to the present, this church has

been open every Sabbath, and several times during the week, and tens of thousands of seamen have here listened to the word of life. And here too, many have been brought to see the error of their ways, and have found peace in believing in Jesus Christ.

Besides sustaining the meetings at the Mariners' church, the Board, perceiving that intemperance was a great hindrance to the success of the gospel among seamen, set about reforming their boarding houses. The labors bestowed upon this object were not in vain. In 1833, a Marine Temperance Society was formed, which now numbers about twenty-three thousand members. Our merchantmen excluded rum from their ships' stores, and became temperance vessels. Bibles and tracts were distributed among seamen, and the good work went on. At length the American Seamen's Friend Society erected the Sailor's Home, with accommodations for three hundred boarders. It was opened for the reception of seamen on the 2d of May, 1842, and multitudes of them have since enjoyed the benefits of that noble Institution.

THE CONTRAST.

At the commencement of these operations, there was no church, and no place of worship for seamen in this port. They were compelled to take board in houses reeking with the fumes of rum, and some of them rank with pollution. Now they have a splendid Home, and a number of temperance boarding houses. They have three churches, and three floating chapels for their moral and religious improvement.

"What hath God wrought!"—*Presbyterian.*

Philip Henry said: There are two things we should be aware of that we never be ashamed of the gospel, and that we may never be a shame to it.

Gottenburg, March 3d, 1848.

Sailor Missionary.

In January I made a journey in the country, and visited the people of God in several places, holding meetings and endeavoring to preach Christ so as to establish the weak, and even bring those that are in darkness to the marvellous light and liberty of the children of God. Praised be the Lord, his gracious spirit assisted me, and often was I greatly refreshed in my own soul. In one place a young man was brought in to the enjoyment of the full salvation of God, through faith in Christ.

In February and March I have journeyed in the districts of Elfsburg and Scara, selling Bibles and Testaments, and distributing tracts and holding meetings in the evenings and on Sunday afternoons among the peasants, and as often as possible preaching Christ according to the ability that God giveth. In spite of opposition, and under many disadvantages, the Lord carries on a gracious work in some parts that I visit. Even very humble men indeed, unlearned peasants and young laboring men from among the people themselves. I had the pleasure of forming acquaintances with two of these. One of them is a young farmer in the district of Scara; he was awakened about four years ago, and begun shortly after to exhort others to repentance, and travelled considerable about the neighbouring villages, and several were awakened and began to seek the Lord. Two years ago his wife died, and as they had no children he thought this to be a call from the Lord to give himself wholly to the work of the Lord.

He immediately sold his farm and the rest of his property that he might have nothing of this world to hinder him, and now he is occupied in going from place to place continually exhorting people to flee from the wrath to come. Once or twice he has been apprehended, but at present he is at lib-

erty. Undoubtedly great good will be done through him, because as far as I could judge, the man is sincere and very pious, although I should wish that he was better acquainted with the gospel plan of salvation! But no doubt the Lord will lead him from grace to grace, from one brightness to another, till he gets to fully know Christ as the saviour of sinners. In this district many have, through this man and others of the same stamp, been brought to feel the need of amendment in life. But very little of the gospel is known among them. It will therefore not surprise my brethren if I tell them that I feel a peculiar interest, yea, a need to labor among them, and to tell them what little I know myself of the all-sufficient atonement made for our sin by Jesus Christ, and what we have in him, and how impossible it is to please God or come to the Father but through the Son.

This appeared in general as a new and strange doctrine, and many of the poor people were offended, but thanks be to God, some received the word gladly, and I hope not a few in good and honest hearts. In one family in particular I saw the immediate effect of the gospel. It was with a farmer in the district of S—. I had been speaking and reading from the Bible in the evening to a large assembly of people and the Lord graciously assisted me in a somewhat unusual manner, when in the morning I found that the whole family consisting of the farmer and his wife, both advanced in years, and his son and his wife, who all of them for years back had been piously disposed, but with the exception of the old farmer, who was indeed an evangelical Christian, they had been going about to establish their own righteousness, but now with tears of joy confessed that they counted all things for lost to the unspeakable knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord. Two strangers had stayed there over the night who professed to have found Christ, and now could not

praise him enough. All seemed filled with praise, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Such times are indeed happy times.

I have often been thinking about how far better circumstances are in France, which is altogether a Roman Catholic country. There is a whole host of colporteurs and evangelists allowed to preach Christ in all parts of the land; and here in a protestant land, we are prohibited from confessing Christ before men. But it will I hope not last long in this way; the Lord will see to it that his people will even here be delivered, or he will give us sufficient grace to suffer for his name sake, and make us willing in the day of his power to be more zealous in his cause and bold in testifying for him regardless of all consequences. I love my native country, but bless God, I think I can say of a truth, that it is not a childish love to my native land that keeps me here, who have seen and enjoyed so much of the happy land of freedom, but the love of souls, little alas as it is, and for this I mourn before the Lord, and I know he answers prayers, and will even answer my petitions and grant unto me more of that mind that was in him, more of the love of my crucified Saviour. Even here are souls that are bought with his blood, souls that must hear the gospel or perish, souls that may be redeemed and shine in glory before the throne of God. Oh, will you not, dear brothers and sisters in the greatly favored America, will you not pray for unworthy me? pray for my poor countrymen.

I have even been visiting some poor and sick families since I came home, and have endeavored to direct their attention to the concerns of eternity, and the salvation of their souls. Alas, how dead are we poor creatures to spiritual things. Visited a seaman's wife who is inquiring the way to Zion, and conversed with her about the Saviour. She appears to be near the kingdom; may the Lord give

her grace to lay hold of the hope set before her in the Gospel.

To-day two young fishermen called upon me, and I had the opportunity of conversing with them on religion and found that they were strangers to God, poor souls. Warned them of their danger, and gave them some tracts, for which they expressed their gratitude.

I have even commenced visiting the ships with tracts and Bibles, and I pray that the Lord may make me instrumental in some good to my seafaring brothers this season. I have sold, these past three months in the country and in the city, three hundred and fifty copies of the Bible and Testament, and distributed a great many tracts. The Lord bless the seed to a great harvest. Amen.

Your most unworthy servant,
F. O. NELSON.

The Ravages of the Destroyer.

BY REV. DR. NOTT.

I HAVE done what I advised each of you to do: deliberately to look around you, and take, within the circle of your own acquaintance, the dimensions of that misery which intemperance occasions, and sum up the number of dead which it has slain.

A friend of mine once gave me the number and the names of a social club of temperate drinkers which once existed in Schenectady, and of which, when young, he was himself a member: and I have remarked how bereft of fortune, how bereft of reputation, bereft of health, and sometimes even bereft of reason, they have descended one, after another, prematurely to the grave; until, at length, though not an old man, that friend alone remains, of all their number, to tell how he himself was rescued from a fate so terrible, by the timely and prophetic counsel of a pious mother. And I have remarked, too, how those pupils of my own

who, despite of warning and admonition and entreaty, persisted in the use of intoxicating liquors while at college, have, on entering the world, sunk into obscurity, and finally disappeared from among those rival actors, once their companions, rising into life; and when, searching out the cause, I have, full of anxiety, inquired after one, and another, and another, the same answer has been returned, "He has become, or gone a sot into the grave."

Among these cases of moral desolation, I remember one of peculiar aggravation: it was that of a gifted and aspiring individual, and a professed Christian. Crossed and humbled by domestic affliction, he sought, as many still seek, relief in alcohol. His friends foresaw the danger, and warned him of it; that warning he derided; he even denied the existence of a propensity, which, by indulgence, was soon thereafter rendered uncontrollable; when suddenly shrinking from the society of men, he shut himself up in his chamber and endeavoured to drown his cares in perpetual inebriation.

His abused constitution soon gave way, and the death scene followed. But, O! what a death-scene! As if quickened by the presence of the king of terrors, and the proximity of the world of spirits, his reason suddenly lighted up, and all his suspended faculties returned in their strength. But they returned only to give to retribution a severer aspect, and render the final catastrophe more instructive and more terrible. For though at intervals he seemed to pour his soul out in confession, and to implore forgiveness in the most thrilling accents, shame, remorse and despair were predominant; and there was at times an awfulness in the paroxysms of his agony which no words can describe, and which can be realized by those only who witnessed it. "There," said he, pointing to his bottle and glass, which he had caused to be placed beside his death-bed, "there

is the cause of all my misery ; that cup is the cup of wretchedness ; and yet—fool that I have been !—I have drank it ; drank it voluntarily, even to its dregs. Oh, tell those miserable men, once my companions, who dream of finding in inebriation oblivion to their miseries, as I dreamed of this ; tell them—but it were vain to tell them—Oh ! that they were present, that they might see in me the dreadful sequel, and witness, in anticipation, the unutterable horrors of a drunkard's death !” Here his voice faltered—his eye fell upon the abhorred cup—and, as his spirit fled, a curse, half articulated, died away upon his quivering lip !

Whatever exaggeration there may have been in those other statements, in these there is no exaggeration. This is not poetry, but history. Nor is this the whole. To say nothing of the untitled dead, the heads of families, the members of families, whose number has not been summed up ; but—to say nothing of these—how many clergymen, how many physicians, how many jurists, in this and in the neighboring cities, have, during the existing generation, fallen victims to this destroyer ! Who of my equals in age does not remember those venerable men, all moderate drinkers, who once held, in Albany, their meetings at noonday ? And who does not remember, too, the result of those meetings ?—ay ! and of those other meetings, held at a later hour by their sons—those young men of promise, that were, but are not !

Over all classes in that beloved city intemperance hath cast its withering influence. Nor over these only. There is no city, or town, or hamlet, known to the speaker, where it is otherwise. Of all the avenues to death, the world over, this is the broadest, steepest, most frequented. The sword hath indeed slain its thousands—but alcohol its ten thousands !

Even in this republic, we are told by those familiar with such statistics, that there are more than

500,000 drunkards ! What a deduction from our national virtue, honor and happiness ! What an addition to our national guilt, infamy and misery !

Could you see those wretched beings separated from the residue of the community, and congregated together in some great common Aceldama—what a spectacle of horror ! How much more so, could you see them individualized, dispersed among their friends and kindred, and linked, each in its villainess, by ties tender and indissoluble, to other beings—and often to beings of the purest virtue, of the liveliest sensibility, and the loftiest aspirations. Ah ! could you see them thus, what gauge could measure the extent, or arithmetic sum up the amount of misery comprehended within your field of vision ! Oh ! could you number those concealed tears, which flow from so many sleepless eyes, as God numbers them ; and hear those stifled sighs, that escape from so many sorrow-wounded hearts, as God hears them, you might then, but not till then, form an adequate idea of the superadded good which intoxicating liquors must hereafter produce, to cancel the dread amount of gratuitous evil they have inflicted upon mankind ! *Five hundred thousand drunkards in this republic !!* But I will not vouch for the accuracy of their enumeration. I am aware that among the advocates of almost every cause there exists a propensity to exaggerate ; and I will not, even in a good cause, insist on a hypothetical enumeration, or urge an inconclusive argument. Not having verified the details furnished of local drunkenness, I do not know with certainty the national amount. But I do know, if drunkards exist elsewhere as they exist in the Empire State, that their whole number must be very great. For I do know that here they crowd our prisons, our jails, our asylums, our poor-houses, and our work-shops ; and that they may be found in our drawing-rooms, our halls of legis-

lation, our halls of justice, our halls of science, and even—alas, that it should be so!—our temples of devotion!—*Delavan's Enquirer*.

The Two Whalers,

OR ISLANDS WITH AND WITHOUT
THE BIBLE.

IN the year 1835, a whale-ship left the harbor which lies before my open window, for the Pacific Ocean. While sailing along one of the beautiful isles of that sea nearly under the equator, a large number of the natives came off for the purposes of trade. No treachery was suspected, and all for a while went on amicable. But, upon a signal from a chief, the natives sprang for the harpoons, whalespades, and other deadly weapons at hand, and a desperate contest immediately ensued. The captain was killed by a single stroke of a whale-spade; the first mate also, soon after. The second mate jumped overboard and was killed in the water, and four seamen lost their lives. A part of the crew ran up the rigging for security, and the rest into the fore-castle. Among these last was a young man, the third mate, by the name of Jones, the only surviving officer. By his cool intrepidity and judgment, and after a long and fearful encounter, the ship was cleared, the chief killed, and many of his companions, both of those on board and those who came alongside to aid in securing the ship. Mr. Jones now became the captain, buried the dead, dressed the wounded and made sail for the Sandwich Islands, from whence the ship was sent home to this port,—the voyage, for the want of necessary officers, being completely broken up and thousands of dollars lost to owners and underwriters.

The blessed gospel had never shed its influence on this benighted island, and there was no power to weaken the ferocious passions of men. Had the gospel been

there, how different would have been the scene.

Somewhere the survivors of that massacre must find an asylum. Weeping over their slain companions, in the anguish of their own wounds, and in the disappointment of their broken-up voyage, they must hasten somewhere for refuge. But what made their asylum at the Sandwich Islands so welcome and so desirable? The gospel was there! Missionary influence had made the Island a fit and a safe resort. The downcast mariner knew that where the gospel banner waved there was safety.

Let us now contrast with the bloody outrage above recorded another scene. Some two years ago, another whale-ship sailed from this port. In pursuing her voyage she arrived among the Hervey Islands in the month of November last. In a dark and squally night, the strong current had carried the ship beyond the captain's reckoning, and she struck on a coral reef a few miles from the shore of the island of Aitutaki. The masts were immediately cut away to relieve the ship, but she soon began to break to pieces, thumping on the reef with dreadful violence at every surge of the sea. Here were all the horrors of shipwreck. The crew took to their two remaining boats,—three out of five having been dashed in pieces,—saving nothing but the clothes they had on at the time the ship struck. They must perish if they remained with the ship. But what had they to expect from yonder island that opened on their vision as the morning broke? How many wrecked mariners, escaping from the fury of the sea, had fallen before the fury of savage men. But go they must: and with anxious hearts they ply the oar to reach the land. Had the gospel gone there, or had it not? On that question hung their destiny. The affirmative would fill them with joy; the negative with despair! They reach the shore drenched with water, cold,

fatigued, having lost their all. And what new disaster was to cap the climax of their woes!

But the gospel had been there! They were *not* to be the prey of ferocious men. Their first interview with the natives showed them they might dismiss all their fears. An English missionary was there, and he and the natives vied with each other in showing all hospitality and kindness to the distressed mariners. When the captain left the island the chiefs presented him a document written by one of their number in a fair hand. The same identical paper lies before me. It gives in their own language a brief account of the wreck. "Eta ma e te Bu o te pai," &c. On the other side is a translation by the missionary as follows:

"Sirs,—The owners of the ship wrecked. This is the likeness of the ship wrecked here. We rose early in the morning, and the ship was a total wreck. We went with all haste to the aid of the crew, and found that they were all safe. A part only of the cargo was lost, and a part we saved. This is the amount of what we saved: 251 casks of oil, &c. * * * The word of the chiefs to the owners of the ship is finished. May you obtain salvation from the Lord.

Ko VALMA RANGI.

Class Chiefs: Ko TAMATOA.

Ko UMKURA.

MANAA TANGI.

Aitutiki, Dec. 17, 1847."

Under what obligation were these suffering mariners to that wisdom and benevolence which had caused the gospel banner to wave on that island ere their ship went to pieces on its shores! What a fate might have been theirs had Zion never said—

"Wake isles of the South,
Your redemption is nigh!"

This island first received the gospel through the agency of Rev. John Williams, that burning and shining light among the Pacific Is-

lands. Accompanied by two of the native teachers, whom the church at Riatea had chosen, Mr. Williams reached Aitutaki in Oct. 1821. He describes the natives as "the mildest people he ever saw." As an instance of their misery and degradation he says: "I was disgusted with the sight of some females, who had cut themselves shockingly, the blood streaming from their bodies, while their shrieks and howlings were dreadful." In 1825, four years after his first visit, Mr. Williams visited the island again, and in a letter to the London Missionary Society says of the Aitutakians:

"Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb:"

and the lovely island exhibits a fine settlement, stretching along the shore, which is lined with white cottages, having a fine chapel in the centre." In 1830 the natives of the island gave one hundred and three pounds sterling, about four hundred and ninety dollars, to the London Missionary Society, which had been contributed within the last two or three years by them for the cause of missions.

A letter from the captain of the wrecked ship lies before me, from which I quote:

"During my short stay on the island, I stopped at the house of the English missionary, whose name is Henry Royale. His kindness toward me was more than I could reasonably have expected from any individual. As regards his christian character, he is a man truly devoted to God. The interest he manifested for those under his care is more than I have witnessed at any other missionary station. Every morning it was his practice to rise at daylight to teach his scholars. The natives are a kind and hospitable people. I have never seen any more so. They have a large stone church which will contain from eight hundred to one thousand people, and it was well filled every Sabbath while I was there. They have likewise

a large stone school-house and about twenty-five stone dwelling houses. As regards civilization the natives of Aitutaki have made as great advancement as those of the Sandwich Islands."

Who can contemplate the facts stated in reference to these two ships without seeing that the diffusion of the gospel among the pagan islands of the sea is an unspeakable blessing to the interests of navigation and commerce in the protection of life and property, as well as in preparing immortal souls for the bliss of heaven.—*N. Y. Observer.*

F——, Mass. July 3d.

The Book in the Forecastle.

A HORRID oath was uttered by a wild and heedless sailor boy, as he dashed a small volume across the fore-castle of a whale-ship, adding, "whoever wants, may have it." It was a copy of——, which had been placed in his trunk by a pious friend, and which, on being taken out, as he was "overhauling his things," on a stormy day, had been hurled against the wall, in the presence of his shipmates, with the expression of an oath as just stated.

The volume, as it fell, was picked up by an officer of the ship, himself a profane, and as to religious subjects, an utterly thoughtless man. With the single remark to the young sailor, that "he ought not to treat any book in that way," he put it in his pocket, without even noticing its title, and soon went to another part of the ship.

For days the book was forgotten, until at last, in an idle moment, it was drawn forth by its possessor. At once, as he glanced at its pages, he became interested, and more and still more so, as he went on, until the entire volume was finished before he left it. And it proved to him an arrow from the quiver of the Holy Spirit;

it was blessed of God to his conversion, so that in a short season he could rejoice in Christ as his portion.

As the voyage wore on, his example and exhortations were blessed to the conversion of one or two of his shipmates; and at its close he was returned in safety to his wife and two children. That wife, like himself, had long been impatient; and nothing could exceed the astonishment she felt, when on preparing to retire for the first night after his return, he kindly but earnestly said, "Mary, shall we not commend ourselves to God's care, and ask his blessing?" They knelt in deep emotion, and as his humble and fervent prayer was poured forth at the throne of grace, she wept and sobbed in agony of spirit, feeling that she was a guilty and unworthy sinner, and wishing that she had the blessed portion she saw her husband had found. Aided by his counsel, it was not long before she, too, was rejoicing in the Saviour; and after a proper delay for self-examination and prayer, both were received, on the same Sabbath, as members of the same church.

In a few months he sailed on his next voyage, from which he never returned. His body rests beneath the billows of the ocean; his spirit, we trust, in the bosom of his Saviour. Years have passed away. His widow still lives, leading a life of humble and useful piety: few have done more good in the proper sphere of a woman's influence. His children have grown up to years of intelligence; and the eldest has already become hopefully a child of God, and a member of the church. The youngest is the subject of many serious thoughts, which may God bless to salvation. How far, through them, the influence of that one volume may yet reach, eternity only can reveal.

That book was but a single one of the millions published, and sent forth by the American Tract So-

ciety. If we could follow and trace the influence of every one of its publications, even as imperfectly as we can of this, should we not more deeply feel the blessedness of the institution, and do all in our power to aid it? How blessed a thing to write a good book; how blessed to multiply copies of it, and send them to the end of the earth.

X. X.

An Incident with a Moral.

A MINISTER of the Gospel, in one of our Northern cities, some years ago, became deeply impressed with a desire for increased usefulness. He thought much upon the most probable means for the accomplishment of this object. The ordinary opportunities of access to his people, by pulpit ministration and customary pastoral visitings, did not satisfy his soul. He longed to lead his flock directly to Christ, to witness a greater degree of spirituality among them. At length, he resolved to visit every family, and, as far as practicable, to ascertain the spiritual condition of each of its members, by personal conversation upon religious experience. At an appointed time, he entered upon his labors of love. As he called on one and another of the families of his people—had every household gathered—and with much affectionate concern, spoke to them of the necessity of living each day for God and for eternity, his own soul was comforted, and he felt that his labors where not in vain in the Lord.

A day or two after he had commenced this heavenly employment, he called at the house of one of his most pious and influential members—a man of wealth. The father was absent at his place of business, but the mother, an amiable and pious woman, was at home. On making known to the latter his desire that she should summon her family to the parlor, and acquainting her with his design to speak personally to them—to admonish—

exhort—or encourage, as they might need, the mother thanked him with tears of gratitude, but said,—

“I have one request to make of you, sir.”

“What is that?” said the minister.

“It is that you will say nothing to my eldest daughter, Mary, on the subject of religion. I have prayed for that child for years. I have talked to her again and again. But her heart is set upon vanity. Fashion and the world are predominant in her affections. She has become, of late, exceedingly sensitive to reproof or admonition. Respectful in every other relation, she will not permit me to speak to her on religious subjects, without returning a violence of language entirely unbecoming a daughter. I have determined therefore to refrain from any direct appeal to her, until she shall give evidence of greater docility. You will please, therefore, say nothing to Mary, whatever you may say to the others. I should be sorry to have your feelings injured as well as my own, by the manner in which I am but too confident she would respond. May God bless your admonition to the rest.”

In a few moments the family were gathered in the presence of the minister. Mary sat among them. She had entered with a respectful courtesy, and taking her seat at a window looking upon the street, apparently more interested in what was going on without, than attentive to the conversation within. The minister spoke first to the mother, of her responsibilities and duties; then to a son, a youth of intellect and promise; then to a younger daughter, and so on, until he had administered his kind and fatherly instruction to all. I mean all except Mary. To her, he said nothing. He seemed to be unconscious of her presence. As the tears of tenderness flowed freely from all who participated in the delightful interview, Mary sat at the window playing idly with the

tasselling at the silken curtains, her proud spirit refusing the first intimations of sympathetic feeling. The brightness of her eye was undimmed by any gathering tear—the loftiness of her carriage was not for a moment relaxed by the affecting scene before her; and when the minister said “let us pray!” she arose not from her seat to bow with the rest, but remained still in her position of scornful unconcern, her delicate fingers toying with the silken fringes of the drapery before her. The minister poured out his soul in a fervent address to the throne of grace. Oh, how earnestly committed he that family to the guardianship of Heaven! referring to them in his supplication individually, and appropriately presenting them to the mercy of the Father through the merit of the Son. But he offered no prayer for Mary. Unconcerned and proudly, she still played with the silken toys. The prayer ceased—the good man arose. Taking each by the hand, he affectionately gave a parting admonition and invocation; and bowing coldly to Mary, who as coldly returned his civility, he left the room and made his way to the entrance of the building.

He had scarcely passed the threshold when the words of the Redeemer “I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance,” flashed upon his mind. Suddenly pausing, he said to himself—“Shall I refuse exertion for any soul, to save which my Master came down from Heaven? Nay, God being my helper, I will return!”

Again he stood in the parlor. The family sat just as he had left them, musing upon the things he had spoken. Mary was, to all appearance, still cold and unmoved.

With a courage imparted by the Holy Spirit, he walked to where she sat, and taking her hand in his, said, “It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Shall he save you?”

The rock was smitten! The

waters gushed forth freely, and fully! Mary proud and scornful as she seemed to be, needed only the word of invitation, to bow, and weep, and pray. Then was heard the bitter cry of “God be merciful to me a sinner!” Angels hovered over that little assembly, and ere the descending sun gave place to the gathering twilight, the shout of conversion ascended to the throne, and there was joy in heaven over the sinner that had repented.

It has been years since the above was related to us, and we do not know that it has ever been in print before. Its moral—which is twofold—is borne upon its very face. Mothers may learn from it never to despair; and ministers may learn from it never to falter!—*Methodist Protestant.*

Standing of Americans in China.

REV. George Smith, an English missionary, was recently in China and he found the character which his countrymen had gained among the inhabitants of that empire, a serious obstacle to his success. He was sometimes asked if he belonged to “the red haired (English) nation;” and when he replied in the affirmative, he was told that it could not be, but that he must be one of “the flowery-headed (American) people. He was also told that if he was a missionary, he could not be an Englishman; because the English had no religion. “The impression was widely prevalent,” Mr. Smith says, “that the Americans (most of those that were in China being traders or missionaries) were a benevolent nation, and that Christianity was their religion; but that the British were without any religion at all.” What an advantage does this impression give to our missionaries! And how strong the obligation which it lays upon Christians in this country to send men, (sailors especially,) to China whom the people are disposed to honor and believe!

[From a Valparaiso paper.]

No Escape for the Sailor.

It is a thing very currently reported that drugged liquors are sold to some extent in this place. That seamen are in this manner very often imposed upon. And when they have stopped, meaning only to indulge in a single draught of ardent spirits, their senses are in this way overcome, so that the upshot of the matter is, they become besotted, lose all their money and perhaps their clothing too. These things are so frequently and freely spoken of, that it can hardly be doubted the charge is true. If true, it is nefarious, and to the last degree shameful. To sell a sailor what will intoxicate him is bad enough; but to accelerate the work of making him a fool by mingling some vile poison with the liquor is abominable. That there are persons who for a little gain will be guilty of such a practice is perhaps too probable. How they might be hindered is more than can be easily devised. The civil arm cannot do away with all human villainy. But something can be accomplished; if they who have influence in the matter will employ it. Sailors must take the thing into their own hands. And, if they will, it will be effectually done. If a seaman would avoid getting these foul drugs smuggled into his system, there is a most certain preventive. Let him in his own phrase, 'knock off from all drink.' He will then meet with no humbug, no imposition and no robbery. He will keep his money, keep his clothing and keep his wits—'putting no enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.'

This counsel if followed will infallibly win a good result. He that will drink no liquor at all, will be sure to drink none that has stupifying poison mixed with it. He will avoid two things: first the stupifying drug; and next, what is next in positive injury to his system, he will avoid the draught which is made the vehicle of it.—*Neighbor.*

Lion Incident.

HUNTING the lion in Africa, is generally pursued for the sake of destroying the animal only, without any view of sport. A regular hunt, when the people turn out, is a complete scramble; a mixture of men of various figures and complexions, the dogs innumerable, and of every kind.

One of the residents in South Africa, according to the Naturalist's History, shot a lion in the most perilous circumstances that can be conceived. We must tell the story in his own words. "My wife," he says, "was sitting in the house, near the door. The children were playing around her. I was outside, busily engaged in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either stupified with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered immediately attracted my attention. I hastened toward the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing, and which I found in such a condition, that I could reach it with my hand—a most fortunate circumstance; and still more so, when I found that the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think. I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed; and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball

passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more."—*Youth's Cabinet*.

Walks in London.

THE FIRST RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHER.

I TOOK the missionary's arm, and walked away from the school room. As we passed on, he said, "I am going to see the first ragged school teacher in London, and while we are going I will tell you how I became acquainted with him. Ten years ago I made an appointment to meet a few persons in old Pye street, to talk with them about their future interests. A few days previous to the day appointed, as I was passing a little brick hut not far from the place of meeting, I was accosted by a man in the door of the hut who asked me to come in. He was a rough looking fellow, and I thought that it might be dangerous to enter; but I concluded to do so. After he had given me an old chair to sit upon, he went to the farther end of the apartment, and brought two large and furious bull-dogs. "Don't be afraid," he said, "for I ain't agoing to hurt you now—but just look at those dogs. They would tear a man in pieces in five minutes. Now if you come into Old Pye street next Sunday with your religion, I'll be there with these dogs, and they'll put you in such a condition that you can't come to Old Pye street again." When he had finished, I said to him,—My friend, I am not afraid of your dogs; and to prove this, I am now going to pray for you. I knelt there in his dark cabin, and prayed that God would take pity upon the poor man, and show him his condition. When I rose I was astonished to see large tears rolling down his cheeks. As I left him I asked him if I might

call again, and he said I might. He came to hear me in Old Pye street, but without his dogs. He finally became changed, and his wife with him. He gave up his evil practices; and although severely tried on account of poverty, he preserved his honesty. He helped me in all my little plans for doing good; and when I proposed to gather in a few of the outcast children of the streets and teach them how to read, he became the first teacher. For two years, while it was unpopular, he was at his post regularly each evening. He had but little knowledge, but he had a happy way of talking to the boys, and his own ragged appearance seemed to take away from them all fear, but no respect. At length the school became so popular that young men of the highest classes would come in and teach in the evenings. I recollect how he came to me one evening as I was leaving, and said that he should not come to the school any more. "My rags," said he, "are out of place here. I have done my best for the school while it has been unpopular, but now there is no need of me." I told him that I thought more of him than any of the rest; but he said that he would help in any humble enterprise, but wished I would not ask him to come to the school any more. He has lived a noble life; and although tried, especially of late, by the sickness of himself and wife, he does not murmur."

As the missionary finished his recital, we were in front of the poor man's hut. It was a little, low, brick hut, about ten feet wide and twenty long, and had but one window. We knocked at the door, and he let us in. There was but one room, and at one corner there were a few coals dimly burning, over which he was trying to mend an old kettle, for tinkering is his business. He was very pale, for he had the consumption, and his eyes looked as if he had just been weeping. His voice was tremulous, and yet there was such

a struggling to be cheerful in it, that it touched my heart. But the forehead of that poor man was saint-like. There was a mildness about it that made me feel as if I were in the presence of an angel. The walls of this room were hung with cheap pictures and articles of furniture. As I was gazing at them, I thought I heard a groan issue from the farther part of the room. It was dark, but I could just discover the form of a woman upon a bed on the floor. 'Twas his wife—she was sick with a fever, and it was doubtful if she would live. The missionary took her withered hand and tried to comfort her. She said she would be glad to die if it wasn't for her husband; she didn't know what he would do without her. "I shouldn't stay long behind ye," said the old man with tears in his eyes. The missionary tried to cheer her up, and told her how pleasantly she and her husband would live in heaven! And then he came and sat down by the old man. He had in his hand a kettle, with a large hole in its bottom, which he was eyeing with a desponding look.

"Why dont you mend it," said the missionary, "and get your money for it?" "Ah!" said he, "they wont give me but a penny for the job, and it will take a penny's worth of solder to mend it with; but I have some solder, but hav'nt any money, and I want to get my wife two or three little things, and I guess I'll do it."

He said this with so much simplicity and pathos, that before I knew it I had placed a piece of silver in his hands, and told him not to think any more of the old kettle. He grasped both of my hands, and his hot tears fell down upon them, while my whole frame thrilled with such an ecstasy as I had never felt before. And the missionary gave him a piece—not his first gift to the poor teacher—and he was overwhelmed with joy. I believe that if my pillow that night had been a rock, 'twould have seemed to have been of the softest down.

The thought of having made tears of joy to flow from the eyes of a stricken one, made my own heart leap for gladness. "Poor old man!" said the missionary after we had left the hut—"poor old man he has a lonely place here, but how much higher a place than any of us he will have there,"—and he pointed to the sky—"I cannot tell!"—*Christian Citizen—By D. W. B.*

The Sailor.

AMONG the multiplicity of professions and trades which engage the time and attention of mankind, and seem to fill up the measure of their existence, the life of the sailor is perhaps the most hazardous and the most useful, at particular seasons, and revolving intervals of time. The soldier bears the brunt of the battle and the shock of arms; and when the warfare is accomplished he falls back into comparative security, housed within the safe retreat of the comfortable barrack or cantonment, until again called forth to active service on the battle-field. But the hardy, cold-proof sailor knows no interval of repose, save the periodic lulling of the breeze, and the infrequent subsiding of the angry billow into calm. True it is—

"The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the dangers nigh."

Wherever the sailor steers his way, danger confronts him, and his natural and moral courage fearlessly faces it, and bears him on triumphant; like the "immortal" Nelson, "he never sees fear," and amid the crashing of elements, the ship holds on her course. By day and night the sailor is exposed to risk, yet blow high, blow low, Jack's home is on the deep; and as the vessel parts the breakers, or "gaily dances o'er the curling waves," the honest tar feels as contented and secure as the landsman—

"——Who sits at home at ease."

How beautiful is the gallant ship,

with her white canvass spread to catch the freshening breeze! she

"Walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

But the sky is overcast—an appalling accident occurs, and lo! she becomes, in a moment, the sport of winds and waves. Shoals and quicksands may lurk beneath, lee shores and beetling crags present an awful aspect, hidden rocks lie below the surface many are the mighty obstacles to check the bearing of the gallant ship which seem as so many grim monsters, eager to seize the devoted victims—still the sailor braces up to brave the peril. His mind, though ill at ease, is schooled to meet emergency—he sees that every thing is made right aloft, on deck, below—and under the management of a master spirit, brings her through the impending danger; or, when all hope of safety is fled, and "whistled down the wind," he either takes to the long-boat, or, in affection for his dear prized craft, sticks to the last plank. But what dweller upon terra firma, at some time or other, when his business or pleasure has summoned him over the waters, has not felt, amidst the perils to which he was exposed, a happy confidence in the skill and energy of the sailor, when he finds himself separated from the yawning ocean only by the few narrow and slender planks that compose the frail bark in which he sails? Does he not, or should he not at least, feel thankful (under the kind providence of God) to those gallant mariners, by means of whose seamanship he has been preserved in safety? When, on a wintry night, the wind blows fresh, and the landsman retires sick and dispirited to his rocking berth, soon he feels the lurching of the ship, the plunging into the trough of the sea, the breasting the wave, the foamy spray dashing off the sides or bursting over the bulwarks and washing the deck—he hears the sailor shouting that everything aloft is "taut and trim," the hatch-

ways are fastened down, the dead-light in, all goods on deck made sung, the steersman is lashed to the helm, and mid the creaking of the timbers, the rattling of the cordage, the straining of the ship, and the bumping of her bows, he thinks of the passage of Holy Writ—"They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonder in the deep, for he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." He has practical proof of the omnipotence of Him who once said, and can say again, to the wind and waves, "Peace, be still!" and as he lies in his cradled couch, he exercises faith in Him who, speaking the word only, "maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." He reflects, too, on the noble-minded, lion-hearted men who are feeling the "pelting of the pitiless storm," and he can thank his God for having made them the instruments of his care and guidance. The more we consider, the more we must respect, and the more thankful we shall be to this brave class of our countrymen. Under the direction of Almighty wisdom how much we owe to them—how many inestimable lives are entrusted to their care!—How many men of genius and ability—statesmen, philosophers, historians, clergy, and a host of others, are continually passing over the deep!—how much wealth, in merchandize, specie, and bullion, the produce of the earth, the fruits of its surface, and the riches of its bowels, are confined within the narrow limits of a ship's beams!—how many fortunes are sacrificed, how many expectations are blighted by a shipwreck, and how many affections withered and destroyed by the untimely end of a dear and loved one!—how is our revenue increased by our traffic and commerce on the ocean!—how is the knowledge of mankind extended, and the intercourse of nation and nation, and man with man, promoted by our sailors and our

ships! Let the seaman be ignorant of his calling, or neglectful of his duty, and how much riches and happiness is at stake, and left to the miraculous interposition of an all-wise and merciful God to guard and deposit in safety! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men," and that our fearless seamen may be led to put their faith in Him who ruleth over all, and is worthy the confidence of those at "the ends of the earth, and of them that are far off upon the sea."

What London is.

IT is the point of intercommunication between colonies which stretch almost from the North Pole—from Canada to the Cape of Good Hope—and which bring the indigo of India and the wool of Australia from the Antipodes to enrich the manufactures of Leeds. It is the seat of a commerce that would seem fabulous to the merchants of Venice, Tyre and Carthage, in the olden times! You have a population which has doubled since 1810; it was then 888,000 souls; it is now, by the census of 1841, 1,832,000. You have a town which is five miles and a half long, take it where you will; but if you measure it from Blackwall to Chelsea it is seven and a half miles. It reaches from north to south, three and a half miles. It is a perfect German principality—a Cobourg, if you please, or a Hesse Hamburg in brick. You have spent five millions sterling on your bridges alone. You have docks to hold all the ships of the world. The London Docks alone cover one hundred acres of ground, and the vaults hold sixty-five thousand pipes of wine. The West India Docks cover two hundred and ninety acres, and can hold five hundred large merchantmen with ease. The Commercial Dock covers forty-nine acres, and is, I believe, exclusively confined to the Baltic trade. There are 2,950 ships of the port of Lon-

don alone, of 581,000 tons total burden, and manned by 23,000 seamen. The vessels engaged in the Colonial, Irish and coasting trades, including the colliers, and also 360 British vessels, were 2,335. The tonnage of the foreign vessels which entered this port in 1840 from Russia, Sweden, Germany, France, the Mediterranean, China, and the United States, amounted to 4,167,174 tons. Upon an average of the last ten years, London alone has paid £11,000,000 in custom duties, out of the £23,500,000 which the whole revenue of that department amounts to. There are two thousand merchants and brokers within half a mile of the Exchange. You have one hundred thousand houses of business, probably half of which have shops attached to them. All the details connected with London are upon the same gigantic scale. The water companies supply 237,000,000 hogsheads every year, and the gas companies furnish 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours. In Smithfield Market there were 180,780 head of cattle, and 1,500,000 of sheep, in round numbers sold in the year 1839. Your very paving and sewer rates amount to £620,000 a year. The London newspapers consume ten millions of stamps annually. The steamboats carry ten thousand passengers every day. There are one thousand miles of railway stretching from London into every part of the kingdom, and bringing its population into contact with all the great cities of the country, completed at an expense of nearly £5,000,000 sterling. There are fifty-nine canals, which cost £45,000,000. The monthly business conducted by the London bankers alone average £75,000,000, and has amounted to £87,000,000 in one month.

G. H. WARD, M. P.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

A Fur Trade Adventure.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

COLTER, with the hardihood of a regular trapper, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clark in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver alone on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper, like himself, named Potts; and they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfeet, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companions, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps after nightfall and taking them up before day break. It was running a fearful risk for the sake of a few beaver skins, but such is the life of a trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night about six miles from a small river that emptied itself into the Forks. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe, to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along they heard the trampling of many feet, upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened at the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter check-

ed his uneasiness, and paddled forward. They had not gone much farther when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply.— Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprang on the shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream.— There was a sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game. Levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced by innumerable arrows.

The vengeance of the savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as the mode of despatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the shoulder, and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with the Indian customs not to

comprehend the drift of the question. He was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted by his brother hunters for swiftness on foot, he assured the chief that he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could. A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of blood hounds were in full cry. Colter flew rather than run; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he could reach Jefferson fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out to such a distance with the fearful odds of seven hundred to one against him? The plain too abounded with prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow and to feel an arrow quivering at his heart. He did not even dare to look around, lest he should loose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had run nearly the way across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind: several of the faster runners were scattered in advance: while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind him showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to lance his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage

confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear but fell in the very act. His spear struck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight. The Indians as they arrived at their slaughtered companion stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirts of cotton-wood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to a neighboring island, against the upper end of which the drift wood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he dived and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water. He had scarcely drawn breath after his toils when he heard his pursuers on the river bank, whooping and yelling like so many fiends. They plunged into the river, and swam to the raft. The heart of Colter almost died within him as he saw them through the chinks of his concealment, passing and repassing, and seeking for him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he began to rejoice in his escape, when the idea presented itself that they might set the raft on fire. Here was a new source of horrible apprehension, in which he remained until nightfall. Fortunately the idea did not surgest itself to the Indians. As soon as it was dark, finding by the silence around that his pursuers had departed, Colter dived again, and came up beyond the raft. He then swam silently down the river for a considerable distance, where he landed, and kept on all night to get off as far possible from this dangerous neighborhood.

Observe every thing carefully but be anxious about nothing.

Sailor's death's at Seamen's Retreat.

THE following are the names with their age and birthplace, of seamen who have died at the Seamen's Retreat Hospital, Staten Island, from Feb. 26th, 1848, to July 3d, 1848.

J. Peck, aged 47, N. Y. Feb. 26, 1848.
 W. Jones, 44, Maryland, Feb. 27.
 John Redman, 26, Maine, Feb. 27.
 Wm. McGuire, 16, Ireland, Feb. 28.
 Tho. Cornway, 26, St. Johns, N. B. Feb. 29.

W. Simmons, 34, England, March 1.
 John Stalker, 27, Scotland, March 2.
 E. Westlerbark, 27, Sweden, Mar. 7.
 John Woodland, 33, Maryland, " 8.
 Thomas E. Stanley, 23, Maine, " 9.
 J'hn S. Smith, 22, Nova Scotia, " 10.
 Thomas Bathaw, 45, England, " 10.
 Wm. Thomas, 36, Norway, " 10.
 John Geer, (colored) 48, Massachusetts, March 11.

J. Gibbins, 29, England, Mar. 13.
 John Squibbs, 29, England, " 17.
 Fred. Lawrens, 47, Prussia, " 18.
 James Roberts 23, England, " 18.
 Wm. Williams, 35, N. York, " 24.
 James Williams, (colored) 57, New Jersey, March 25.
 Fred. Bodey, 23, Germany, Mar. 26.
 Chas. Nelson, 34, Denmark, „ 27.
 Henry Weeks, (col'd) 35, Maryland, March 27.

Matthew Manning, 29, New York, April 1.

Wm. Snow, 29, Virginia, April 12.
 Ed. Harrison, 35, Scotland, " 12.
 James Langley, 37, Ireland, " 18.
 G. W. Heyer, 48, New York, " 19.
 John Robinson, 24, Sweden, " 22.
 Wm. Johnson, 34, England, " 25.
 Jean H. Lerett, 26, France, " 30.
 James Smith, (colored) 66, New York, May 2.

Sylvester Gorham, (colored) 28 Connecticut, May 9.

Abraham Hakle, 36, Penn. May, 10.
 John Emory, 23, N. Jersey, " 13.
 Jacob Stoops, (colored) 65, Delaware, May 14.

Wm. Laid, 33, Sweden, May 16.
 John Robinson, 55, Sweden, " 17.
 William Purnell, (colored) 38, Delaware, May 22.

William Fig, 20, Virginia, May 29.

James Maloney, 26, Ireland, " 31.
 James Lawless, 46, " June 9.
 John Gillespie, 18, " " 9.
 John Silvy, 28, Portugal, " 10.
 Robert Sheridan, 22, Penn. " 11.
 James Boben, 30, Ireland, " 12.
 John Hicks, 22, England, " 18.
 James Knight, 29, " " 20.
 Richard Wiley, 25, " " 21.
 William Wyatt, 40, Virginia, " 24.
 N. Shepherd, 38, New Jersey, " 25.
 Michael Kelly, 40, Ireland, " 26.
 D. P. Reinholdt, 26, Denmark, July 3.

THOMAS B. VERMILYE,

Superintendent Seamen's Retreat.

Commerce of the United States.

THE annual report of the Register of the Treasury, containing statements of the commerce and navigation of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1847—which was communicated to Congress in December last, and ordered to be printed—has, after the usual delay of six months, made its appearance. The result is, that just one year after closing these statements, they are communicated to the public. The document is a valuable one, embracing 400 full pages of statistical tables, exhibiting the amount of exports and imports for the last fiscal year, the tonnage of American and foreign vessels entered and cleared, the tonnage of the several districts, the number and class of vessels built during the year, &c.

The value of the domestic exports—i. e. exports of the growth, produce and manufacture of the United States,—was 150,637,464 dollars. Nearly half of this was for agricultural products, about 7 millions being for pork, and 57 millions, in round numbers for bread stuffs. The value of flour alone was 26 millions, wheat 6 millions, and Indian corn and meal 18 Millions. Cotton 53 millions. So that bread stuffs and cotton constituted four-fifths of the whole value of exports. The value of manufactures exported was less than ten millions of dollars, of which 4 millions was for manufactures of cotton. The ex-

ports of fish amounted to about 800,000, and of oil, whalebone and candles to upwards of 2,000,000 dollars. In value, nearly half of these exports were to England; to France 17,000,000; Ireland, 12,000,000; Br. West Indies, 4,000,000; Br. Amer. Colonies, 6,000,000; Cuba, 6,000,000; Brazil and Chili, 4,000,000; Italy, 1,000,000; Austria, 1,000,000; Hayti, 1,200,000, &c.

The value of Foreign Exports—i. e. exports from the United States of goods, wares and merchandise of the growth and manufacture of foreign countries—was 8,011, 58 dollars. More than one fourth of these exports were to British American Colonies, namely 2,165, 876 dollars. To Cuba, about a million; England, 800,000; Belgium, 348,000; Hanse Towns, 266,000; France, 450,000; S. America, 700,000; Hayti, 112,000 &c.

Almost all the exports of foreign produce were from New York and Massachusetts. Including both foreign and domestic, the exports from New York were nearly 50 millions, Louisiana 42 millions, Massachusetts 11 millions, South Carolina 10 millions, Maryland 9 millions, Pennsylvania 8 millions, &c.

The value of imports for the year is 149,545,638 dollars—less by 12 millions than the exports. Of this amount, 41,772,636 was for articles admitted free of duty—including nearly 16,500,000 pounds of tea and 140,000,000 pounds of coffee, together valued at over 13,000,000 dollars; and 24,000,000 of specie.

Of articles paying *ad valorem* duty, the value was 91,000,000, and of articles paying specific duty 13,000,000.—*Traveler.*

There are not more important requisites to ensure success in business than order and regularity: influenced by these maxims, labor is diminished, and profits proportionably increased.

The church on earth should be the home of love.

The Lash.

An attempt was made in the House of Congress, on Wednesday, to abolish flogging in the navy, and it elicited a warm discussion. Nearly all the members who have employed seamen, or had any experience of character and habits, spoke in favor of abolishing the power to inflict stripes upon an American's back. A Mr. Schenck, from the free State of Ohio, we believe, expatiated on the moral and physical advantage of the cat-o'-nine-tails, with an eloquence and force that could not have been excelled if the gentleman had been all his life a nigger driver in the South, or the overseer of a plantation in the West Indies. The American seamen will feel grateful to this distinguished member for his disinterested zeal in their behalf, and his desire to improve the moral tone and character of the service. He even had the boldness to say that seamen had petitioned Congress not to abolish the lash, which, if true, only proves how degraded in soul men become who are daily accustomed to the infliction of the whip, when they ask that it should be repeated upon them. This is the best proof too, that as a physical infliction it is no punishment at all to a mean and soulless scamp, while to a brave, sensitive and honorable-minded man, it is the most barbarous that he can be made to undergo. Abolish the "cat," and protect seamen from the tyranny of the quarter-deck, and there will soon be a class of men in the American Navy very different from the miserably degraded wretches who petitioned Congress to be allowed the honor of being flogged. If this is the character of the American Navy, heaven help it,—it is no wonder that it acquired no honor during the Mexican war. We are sorry to say that this new movement, of which we believe the credit is due to Mr. Sawyer, failed in the House.—*Phil. Ledger.*

Wrecks in the Pacific.

Honolulu, March 1st, 1848.

EDITOR SAILOR'S MAGAZINE :

This morning we have heard of the wreck of two ships which sailed hence for the United States and Europe a few weeks since, on Christmas Island, due south of Oahu, and a little north of the equator.

First, the Bremen whale ship Margaret, wrecked Dec. 7th, 1847, and in a few days crew taken off, by the whale ship J. E. Donnell, Capt. Hussey.

Second, the Maria Helena, a Chilean vessel, formerly an American whaler. She was full, and bound to the United States, and had on board several passengers, who had lived with us. Mr. S. H. Stevens, lady and child, Miss Johnson, no lives lost. The vessel went on shore at 3 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 4th, 1848. They saved baggage, and provision enough to last six months. They will be relieved probably, as early as the middle of March.

Yours in haste,
S. C. DAMON.

Oil.

The amount of oil and bone imported into the United States during the month of May, according to the Whalemens's Shipping List, is as follows: 23,204 barrels sperm, 112, 071 do. whale oil, and 1,805,608 pounds bone. The total amount imported during the year, up to the 1st of June, was 60,751 barrels whale, 242,364 do. sperm oil, and 2,952,238 pounds bone.

Pull it up by the Root.

"Father, here is a dock," said Thomas, as he was at work with his father in the garden; shall I cut it off close to the root?"

"No," replied his father, "that will not do; I have cut it up myself many times, but it grows again stronger than ever. *Pull it up by the root*, for nothing else will kill it.

Thomas pulled again and again at the dock; but the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place; so he asked his father to come and help him, and his father went and soon pulled it up.

"This dock-root, Thomas," said his father, "which is an evil and fast growing weed in a garden, puts me in mind of the evil things that grow so fast in the hearts of children. A bad passion, even when found out, is hard to be removed, it is no use to trifle with it: there is no way to overcome and destroy it, but to pull it up by the root."

Hope in God.

The sailor on the midnight sea, if he would behold the star that alone would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star is veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass, and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be all hidden from his vision. So we, tossed on many a billow, if we would see heaven's guiding light, must look not on the waves of temptations, that dash and break around, but above to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

SLANDER AND FLATTERY.—He that slanders me, paints me blacker than I am, and he that flatters me, whiter, they both daub me; and when I look in the glass of conscience, I see myself disguised by both. I had as lief my tailor should sew gingerbread nuts on my coat, instead of buttons, as that any man should call my Bristol stone a diamond. The tailor's trick would not at all embellish my suit, nor the flatterer's make me at all richer. I never made a present to my friend of what I dislike myself.—COWPER.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Trinity House, London, May 25, 1848.

S. E. Goodwin Buoy.—The large black Buoy, bearing a staff and globe, at the back of the Goodwin Sand, has been removed into eight and a half fathoms at low water Spring tides, and now lies with the following marks and compass bearings, viz :

St. Lawrence Church, its breadth open West of Ramsgate Mill, N. half W.

Shakspeare's Cliff, just open off the South Forland, W. half S.

South Sand Head Light Vessel, W. 3-4 S.

South Calliper Buoy, N. E. by E. half E.

NOTE.—Masters of vessels, pilots, and others, are cautioned to give this and the other Buoys on the South Eastern side of the Goodwin Sand, when sailing from one to the other, or from them to the North and South Sand Head Light Vessels, a berth of not less than one-half mile in passing them, on account of the tide, which sets with great strength to the North Westward towards and over the Sand.

By order, J. HERBERT, Sec'y.

The Legislature of Nevis having determined to discontinue the Light hitherto maintained at Fort Charles, commonly known as Nevis Point, the same will be discontinued from and after the first day of July now ensuing.

June 1, 1848.

The new light at Half Moon Kaye, Belize, Honduras, was lighted for the first time on the 23d of June. It is represented as being very brilliant and far superior to the old one.

DISASTERS.

Barque *Dana*, of Boston, from London Dec. 14th, experienced a succession of Westerly gales Jan. 26th to Feb. 12th. The crew continued to work the pumps until Feb. 22d, with nothing but raw pork and bread to eat, when they were taken

off by ship *Monterey*, from New-Orleans for Trieste.

Brig *Hallowell*, Darling, at Boston 7th June, from Zante, reports 23d ult. boarded Br. schr. *Mountaineer*, apparently tight, mast gone and abandoned ;

Barnstable, June 2,

Schr. *A. Marshall*, from Rondout for Boston, struck on the South part of the Handkerchief, (Nantucket Shoal) on Wednesday last, in consequence of the buoy being out of place. It is expected the vessel will be a total loss.

Capt. Travers, of barque *Frances Partridge* of Baltimore, at Montevideo, writes, under date of April 13th : " On the 3d of Feb. I fell in with the wreck of the brig *Robert*, from St. Andrews for Jamaica. The crew wished to be taken off, as the brig was in a sinking condition. I sent my boat and took off the second mate, two seamen and cook ; the boat returned for the residue of the crew, and on her passage from the wreck swamped, and all on board were lost—that is, my mate and two men, and the captain, mate, and two men of the wreck."

Brig *Elizabeth*, of Salem, for Sandwich Islands, was wrecked at Sta Barbara, California, previous to April 17th.

Br. barque *Lady Huntly*, from Liverpool, for Charleston, sprung a leak and filled on the 18th May. The captain and crew took to the boats, and reached Nassau 25th May.

Brig *Bessy Dryder*, of and from Shields, for this port, was wrecked on the N. E. Sable Island Bar, on the 29th May.

Brig *Argo*, Tearson, for St. John, N. B., was totally lost near Renewes.

Liverpool, May 31.

A derelict of about 250 tons, white scroll figure head, and name "*E. G. Pierce*," and "*Ca*," the two first letters of the place she hailed from, on the stern, was passed 13th inst. lat. 42, lon. 48, by the Royal William, arrived here. Supposed to be the *E. G. Pierce* of Gardner, Maine.

Ship *Danvers*, Elliott, from Boston 19th May, for New Orleans, went ashore at half past three, A. M., 13 ult., on the reef near the South Chandelier Islands, in four feet water.

Br. brig *Wilkinson*, of Whitehaven, from Liverpool for St. Johns, N. F., was

struck by a whale May 16th, and abandoned 27th.

The brig *Georgiana*, of New Orleans, which sailed from Boston 27th May, for Philadelphia, sprung a leak about 2 o'clock, P. M. and sunk shortly after.

The Hell Gate pilot boat *Three Sisters* was struck by lightning on the night 29th June, which passed through the vessel's bottom, causing her to sink in five minutes. At the same time, a sloop near by, name not known, was also struck and sunk.

Brig *Martha*, hence for Miramichi, N. B. was totally wrecked at Beckerton Island, 12th June.

The steamer *Maria Burt*, Riddle, informs us that on the 19th June, 6 P. M., saw the British barque *Defiance*, Steers, in flames in West Bay, about 48 miles W. N. W. of the S. W. Pass.

Quebec, June 21.

The brig Robert Henry Allen, at this port, picked up the crew of the schr. *Eliza Ann*, of Limerick, which was wrecked on the Maucouagan Shoals, 16th inst. The E. A. cleared at this port 3d inst. for Kilrush. The schr. *Victoria* brought up the crew and passengers, 38 in number, of the schr. *Lady Colborne*, wrecked at Point Petre.

Key West, June 29.

Brig *Benj. Litchfield*, from Thomaston for Mobile, ran ashore morning 27th. near Sand Key Light Ship. Vessel a total loss.

The Sp. brig *Eduviges*, from Santander, Spain, for Havana, was lost at night June 28th, on the West point of Great Heneagua.

Sloop *Glide*, from New Haven for Stamford, sunk in the Sound off Huntington, L. I., 30th June. Capt. Nash of New Haven, was drowned.

Schr. *George & Alfred*, Chase, sunk at West Harwich, in three fathoms of water, night 19th June.

Brig *Rodney* of Brunswick, Me., from Portland for Bucksville, S. C., was lost on 20th June, about 2 o'clock, A. M., in lat. 33. 50.

Schr. *Brandywine*, from Boston, of and for Bangor, was run into, evening 12th June, off Bucksport, by steamer

Penobscot, sunk in about ten minutes in fifty feet of water.

Schr. *Emeline*, Haff, from Baltimore, bound to this port, went ashore 26th June, on Hog Island, and sunk.

Schr. *Helen Gray*, of and for Addison from Marblehead went ashore 19th June, in a thick fog, on Long Island, in Penobscot Bay, and soon became a total wreck.

Schr. *Edward Winslow*, of Pleasant Mills, N. J., waterlogged and abandoned, was fallen in with 24th June, off Little Egg Harbor.

The U. S. schr. *On-ka-hy-e*, hence for Chagres, was totally lost 21st June, at the Blue Hills Caicos.

A Hurlgate pilot reports that the sloop *Emerald*, of and from Haddam for this port, with stone, was sunk off New Haven, and all hands lost.

Brig *Angeline*, of and from Bath, about Feb. 3d, was capsized, no date, in the Gulf Stream, during a gale; crew taken off by the Dan. schr. *Estavan*, from Boston, and carried to Buenos Ayres.

A vessel called the *Commerce*, from Galway, April 26, for St. John, N. B., was wrecked last week near "Port Mahon," Nova Scotia. Nine passengers and one seaman drowned.

Schr. *Spartan*, from Boston, for St. Jago, with an assorted cargo, was lost, no date, near Crooked Island.

Br. ship *Belinda*, from Belfast via. this port for Quebec, struck near Scatterie, N. S., June 22d, and became a total wreck.

MISSING VESSELS.

The schr. *Lucinda Snow*, Stubbs, sailed from Frankfort, Me., for Martinique, on the 22d of last January.

The *Admiral*, Buchanan, sailed from New York Feb. 18th, for Belfast, Ireland, and has not since been heard from.

Barque *Albert Henry*, Hallett, of and for Boston, sailed from Realejo, West Coast Central America, July 1 or 2, 1847, and has not since been heard from.

Brig *Judge Mitchell*, of Belfast, Drinkwater, cleared at Philadelphia 1st May for Boston, and has not since been heard from.

Panoply for the Sailor.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The ship *Argo*, says heathen mythology, was built of the oaks of the sacred groves of Dodona, which were endued with the gift of prophecy. The consequence was, that the beams of the vessel gave forth oracles to the adventurous Argonauts, and saved them from many an approaching calamity. Give the Bible to our seamen, and the heathen fable will become christian fact."—[Rev. J. P. Robinson, Missionary to Seamen, Boston.]

Dodonian Oaks were those, ye say,
That warned the sailor on his way,—
When in old time, with peril fraught,
The Argonautic fleece he sought.—
For still, prophetic impulse wove
Those severed trunks from sacred grove.—
And mystic voices here and there,
From mast and rudder cried, "beware."

And have ye nought of spell or charm
Your wanderer o'er the deep to arm?—
No shield, or panoply, to cast
Around his breast, in danger's blast?—

A Book ye have, of wondrous power,
Oh! press it on his parting hour,
Nor let him dare the foaming brine,
Without that Oracle divine.

So shall a guiding voice be near,
Like angel—whisper in his ear,
From swelling sail, from humble chest
Where home's loved tokens garnered rest,
From close fore-castle's crowded throng,
'Mid oath and bacchanalian song,
From breaking dawn's uncertain light,
From lonely watch at dead of night,
Even from the tempest's blackening cloud,
The iceberg dread,—the shattered shroud,
The whelming surge,—that voice shall be
The hope of immortality.

Sheet Anchor.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

The Voyage of Life.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

Young voyager to a distant coast,
This friendly warning's given,
Lest thy rich freighted bark be lost,
Ere thou canst gain the haven.

Truth says—from sage experience drawn,
Life is a treacherous sea,
Whose Scylla and Charybdis yawn,
Th' engulf thy bark and thee.

Oft-veering winds its bosom sweep;
Its currents all adverse,
Require thee to thy chart to keep,
Nor trust a doubtful course.

In vain thy compass and thy helm,
Thy bark will wander far,
Unless thine eye, through fog and film,
Discern the Guiding Star.

Then trim thy sails to catch each day,
From Heaven some blessed breeze,
And pondering oft thy charted way,
Mark how thy course agrees.

Prayer Bell at Sea.

Lines written at sea, on board the Barque Caspar of London, by one of her crew, on hearing the ship's bell tolling for prayers, Sabbath, March 21st, 1847.

Toll, toll the bell, this is the hour,
The solemn hour of prayer,
And though no temple lofty spire,
Nor robed priest appear,

Yet here the Lord Jehovah is,
To hear the humble prayer,
As well as 'neath the stateliest dome,
Which man did ever rear.

Here on the vast and blue expanse,
Of ocean's swelling waves,
The officers and crew unite,
In prayer and grateful praise.

Long has the night of darkness reigned,
O'er those who roam the sea,
The morning's dawn shall soon appear,
With bright effulgent ray.

That glorious morn begins to break
The sailor's heart to cheer;
See beaming o'er the lonesome wave,
The morning star appear.

The star of bethel rises bright,
To guide his dangerous way,
And soon the sun of righteousness,
Shall bring a blissful day.

Lord, hasten on that glorious day,
When fulness of the sea,
Shall by thy Spirit's mighty power,
Converted be to thee.

When all who go to sea in ships,
Shall own thy sovereign sway,
And shall unite to spread thy praise,
Abroad from sea to sea.

W. F. H.

Lost Time never Regained.

Written on hearing a person remark that he intended to "fetch up time with a wet sail."

When sailors, heedless of their duty, sleep,
Neglecting every favorable gale,
They'll find it hard their after course to keep
With a wet sail.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which all should watch with carefulness to—
hail;
Once missed, it scarcely can be caught again,
With a wet sail.

And yet who wishes cautiously to live,
Fixing no hopes on phantoms which may fail,
Will not a chase to every object give
With a wet sail.

The swiftest do not always first arrive,
In war the strongest do not aye prevail;
Then keep the golden mean, nor ceaseless drive
With a wet sail.

Think not to eagerness alone is given
The happy mind which nothing can assail;
He's on the wrong track who would enter heaven
With a wet sail.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1848.

Ventilation of Ships.

THE subject of a proper ventilation of ships at sea, has of late attracted much attention. Indeed, it could sleep no longer when humanity was so loudly calling for relief.

From the Montreal Herald.—“Mortality among emigrants. Out of one hundred thousand emigrants from Ireland to Canada the past year, twenty-five thousand have fallen victims to the ship fever.”

From the New Orleans Picayune. “The ship Mertown, from Liverpool, with a large number of passengers sick, was brought to anchor at Slaughterhouse Point, having on board the bodies of seventeen persons, who died while coming up the river, of this terrible scourge—the ship fever.”

From the Quebec Mercury.—“Melancholy tale of woe. The ship Lord Ashburton, from Liverpool, having had a succession of gales, (requiring ventilation to be stopped,) lost on her passage one hundred and seven of her passengers, five more died after arriving in the river, and sixty remained sick on board.”

The ship India, from Liverpool to New York, lost her captain, Thompson, and thirty nine others by ship fever. The ship Emigrant also lost sixteen of her passengers and two of her crew; and landed on Staten Island, one hundred and

thirty passengers and four of her crew sick with ship fever.

An experienced writer on the subject remarks, “the mortality in an emigrant ship is always measured by the roughness of the weather on the voyage.”

And no doubt the grand cause of this frightful loss of human life, (and the fatal disease does not confine its ravages to the sea,) is the impure air generated in the hold of the ship.

On the 17th of May last Congress passed a law requiring vessels to have ventilators of the most approved construction. Until of late they have been so constructed as to require their being closed in rough weather; and then as above stated the most suffering and deaths have ensued. Humanity rejoices at the discovery of a new ventilator, by R. Bulkley, Esq., Patentee, New York, 1848.

It is self-protected, and self-acting day and night, during storms, fair weather and calms; and is highly recommended by some of the most distinguished scientific and practical men.

More particular information may be obtained by addressing the Inventor at 122 Fulton street, New York.

We must look for happiness in this world, not in its objects, but within ourselves, in our tempers, and in our hearts.

[A] Word Fitly Spoken.

God takes his own way to bring men to himself. One evening, a little circle having met for prayer, there came into the room a man who had habitually cast off fear and restrained prayer before God. What induced him to come to such a place it is impossible to say. He was a sea captain, and more disposed both from feeling and habit, to command than to obey. Could the record on his heart have been read, it would have been, *Who is the Lord that I should obey Him?* The solemn warning, the earnest entreaty, the cogent argument from the lips of the ablest men had failed to move him. He stood, reckless as to the future, and regardless of the claims of the gospel, unmoved as the iron bound shore of his favorite element. An old man arose in that meeting and dropped a few quiet, sensible remarks. They went to the captain's heart, and about a year after were the means of bringing him to Christ. The old man is dead, but the word fitly spoken in that meeting lives. That ship master is a man of God, and eminently useful among his brethren of the sea.

Havana Chaplaincy.

THE following communication from the Rev. Mr. French, Chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society at Havana, will be read with interest. In the next number of the Magazine, we shall expect to hear him speak again on the moral and religious state of Cuba, and the importance of the society's labors in giving the gospel to seamen in that port.

More than one year has passed since I was commissioned by the

American Seamen's Friend Society to labor in behalf of the sailor.

When called to this work, it was expected that I should spend the warmer months as an agent in New Hampshire and Maine, and the winter and spring in Havana, island of Cuba, as seamen's chaplain. Of my labors during the summer and part of the autumn of 1847, montly reports were made, and all funds collected by me, duly acknowledge in the Sailors' Magazine.

By reason of serious and protracted affliction, I was unable to embark for Havana on, or about, the middle of October, as was expected. After being confined with my family nearly three months, I was able to pursue my labors; and on the 15th of February, 1848, received instructions as seaman's chaplain for Havana, in the Congregational Chapel in Frankfort, Maine.

The day was as beautiful as could be desired, the exercises appropriate and deeply interesting, leaving a salutary impression on a large and respectable audience.

Having, through the courtesyness of Capt. H. W. French, master of the barque J. W. Andrews, accepted the offer of a free passage in this new and elegant vessel, I expected to have sailed immediately from Frankfort for Havana. But adverse circumstances detained our ship, so that a few weeks passed before we were ready for sea.

When about ready to depart, religious exercises were held on board. An appropriate and interesting address was delivered by Rev. Jos. Freeman, pastor of the Congregational church in Prospect, and our good vessel with her officers, crew and seamen's chaplain, commended to the care of Him who directs the storm, and "holds the wind in his fist." A few days passed, and the gentle breezes favoured; our ship was loosed from her moorings, our sails spread to the wind and after a long, tedious

and perilous voyage, we arrived at our destined haven.

Havana is a large and opulent city, increasing rapidly in commercial importance. On the bosom of its harbor, one of the best in the world, float vessels of all classes, from the large ship of war to the humble fishing yacht.

Here ships and seamen from "all kindreds, tongues and nations," that have much to do with commerce, are found.

Nearly six hundred American vessels entered this port during the year 1847, and the number of seamen including officers and crews connected with these vessels could not have been less than six thousand. Add to this number, two thousand connected with British and other foreign ships who visited this port during the same period, and you have eight thousand seamen, accessible to the preaching of the gospel in the English language.

This is a very moderate computation, allowing only ten to each vessel, whereas most of our ships carry from fourteen to twenty, including officers and crews.

More than one hundred American and English vessels are frequently in port at one time. While the officers of vessels generally, and some American and fewer English seamen are pleased to attend religious services and listen to the gospel preached on board ship, on the Sabbath. The great mass of sailors are indifferent and can be approached only by a kind of colporteur labor, yet all, or nearly all, may be reached.

During my visit at Havana I preached to respectable congregations on ship's decks on the Sabbath without molestation, and was happy to find an increasing interest in religious services. I was much encouraged in my work by the friendly manner in which I was treated by ship masters generally, and some American gentlemen, residents in the city of Havana, especially by Gen. Campbell, American Consul, a very worthy man, and Dr. Wilson, with whose

efforts to benefit seamen you are acquainted.

In addition to preaching on the Sabbath, I visited ships as I had opportunity, supplying those sailors who were destitute, with the scriptures, telling the story "of Christ and Him crucified," and "commending them to God and the word of His grace." And many a pleasant and profitable interview had I with the "sons of the sea."

The time having arrived for me to return to New England, I sought a passage for New York, but finding no vessel at that time going directly there, I sailed for that port by the way of Cardenas, June 2d. At Cardenas I found but few American vessels. On the Sabbath hoisted the bethel flag, a goodly number of seamen and some few from the city came on board, united in singing and prayer, and listened attentively, with apparent seriousness, while I spoke from these words of the Lord Jesus, "One thing is needful." It was the first time that the bethel flag was hoisted in that harbor. Here I distributed bibles and tracts among the sailors, and sold and gave the scriptures, all that I had in the Spanish language, to such as desired them.

On Wednesday, June 14th, we sailed from Cardenas for New York, at which city I landed June 23d.

Truly yours,

JAS. R. FRENCH.

Manchester, N. H., July 19th, 1848.

The Missionary's Prayer.

THE Rev. G. H. Apthorp, of the Ceylon mission, died June 8, 1844.

When on his death-bed, he was much engaged in prayer, and prayed for all classes of men; especially for seamen, that they might not be corrupters of the heathen, but messengers of salvation.

Materials for Thought.

Number of vessels and tons cleared for foreign ports. Number of men and boys employed in the

same, for the year ending June 30. Also the amount given the American Seamen Friend Society for the year ending May 1, 1848.

	No. vessels.	Tons.	Men.	Boys.	Total men and boys.	Amount.
Maine	1,495	173,777	8,428	155	8,583	\$ 223 03
New Hampshire,	32	1,902	110	7	117	757 66
Vermont,	268	72,064	4,672	7	4,679	57 99
Massachusetts,	2,725	368,434	20,147	188	20,335	4113 21
Rhode Island,	99	16,573	823	12	835	1097 57
Connecticut,	108	22,502	1,331	51	1,382	3258 53
New York,	5,429	1,529,095	79,303	2,186	81,489	4,859 97
New Jersey,	11	1,167	59		59	791 14
Pennsylvania,	583	143,143	5,778	377	6,155	316 66
Delaware,	20	4,935	206	5	211	101 22
Maryland,	669	170,030	7,161		7,161	21 00
Virginia,	423	98,185	4,191	11	4,202	
District of Columbia,	13	2,421	113	1	114	
North Carolina,	228	33,836	1,589	1	1,590	
South Carolina,	339	96,221	3,690	194	3,884	
Georgia,	125	55,818	1,951		1,951	
Florida,	149	20,545	1,292	37	1,329	
Alabama,	134	66,238	2,338		2,338	46 00
Louisiana,	1,138	440,878	16,330		16,330	
Mississippi,						
Tennessee,						
Missouri,						50 00
Ohio,	141	1,736	767		767	25 00
Kentucky,						
Michigan,	210	36,611	1,846	6	1,852	24 31
Illinois,	6	1,552	70		70	25 00
Texas,	25	5,704	359		359	
Total,	14,370	3,378,998	162,554	3,238	165,792	\$15,768 29

Remarks.—Nearly one half of the whole number of vessels and tonnage are foreign; and more than one third of the men and boys are from other lands, led by the hand of commerce within the reach of American philanthropy and christianity.

The list of men and boys does not shew the number belonging to each state, but simply the number in the vessels which cleared as above; the true number of Americans employed in these vessels during the same time being 99,525.

Nor does the money table show the whole amount received by the Society within the time specified—as there were legacies &c., amounting in all to \$24,081 40—nor what was done for internal and local objects; but simply what was given by each state to sustain the only

Society in the world engaged in furnishing seamen with the gospel in foreign lands.

We spread these figures before the friends of missions and of man, with the grave inquiry whether these several states approximate the measure of their duty toward aiding the society in sustaining its chaplains and sailor missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, Chili, the West Indies, China, France, Sweden, and along our own shore?

Ten States doing nothing and sixteen states giving an average of \$985½ each; or 9½ cents for each of the sailors employed in the vessels cleared as above: *so much* for the benefit of the two millions of seamen, and those over whom they exert an influence on every shore!

The Sailor Colporteur.

DEAR SIR :

In compliance with your request, I take the opportunity to call my pen into exercise, as the best means to convey the nature of my sentiments on things of paramount importance. I cannot here give you a detail of all the events connected with the period in my life, when God in his infinite mercy and amazing grace led me to see a state of sinfulness, second to no one of the human race. It would take a volume to define thoroughly all the momentous incidents connected with that ever memorable era of my history. Then I was rushing toward the precipice over which so many of our race have irrecoverably fallen. It was my continual study how I should destroy invaluable time, by making it appear as light as possible. I mingled with the gay, and the thoughtless. The theatre had to me, no ordinary attraction. Every species of amusement was eagerly sought after. Oh, I tremble to glance at the extent of those follies. That period of my youth was one of fearful moment, and hidden danger! Think you, sir, that in the midst of such proceedings I was happy? No! When I retired to my pillow in the stillness of midnight my mind was a prey to unquiet feelings. The prayers of a pious and beloved mother, whose soft hand I still feel on my head, breathed their holy whispers into my ear; the voice of a faithful Sunday School Teacher yet reproved me; the voice of God in the thunder storms, called up feelings of terror in my soul that I shall never forget. About that period I visited my mother and sisters. One of my dear sisters requested me to accompany her to the church in which she worshipped. I did so. It was there that I was enabled to choose whom I would serve. The spirit of God clothed the word of life with an irresistible power. What will ye say when *He* shall punish you? were the words of the

text. I well remember the words of the sermon.

When I left that house of God I felt condemned. I cannot tell how I went home. That night was a sleepless one. I felt sinking into infinite despair. I entreated the Lord to pardon my sins and save me from hell. But God did not grant me peace of mind till after I had seen a little more of the evils of the sins I had committed.

Months rolled away. The harvest was past, the summer fruits of the earth were all gathered in, cold dreary winter had come, but I felt that I was *not* saved. Oh, Heavenly Father! can I ever forget that period. I used to leave a warm fireside, and wander the cold frozen earth. I knelt in the snow. My heart was bleeding with anguish. I thought I should be lost. I cried earnestly unto God. He heard my unworthy prayer. A still small voice seemed to whisper thy sins which are many, are forgiven thee! Was it a glorious vision? That same voice assured me. There is therefore *now* no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. I rose from my knees, my heart bursting with delight. I seemed to forget that I was a human being on earth. Those were the happiest moments of my existence. A small tract entitled "Believe and be saved," poured a flood of light on my mind. From that time I could rely on Christ! whom not having seen I love, in whom, though now I see him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I left my home and became a wanderer among the nations of the earth. I ought to have joined the church of Christ long before. It would have saved me from many a difficulty. I have crossed over every ocean on the globe, and seen the lands of other skies. God has been with me. When in the last sea storm—one of terrific aspect—I made a vow unto the Lord that if he would take me in safety to a christian land, I would devote all

my days to his glory. The God of the seas heard my prayers. The world of billows was calmed. In his providence I was brought to New York, and on the 16th of July, last, publicly acknowledged Christ in the ordinance of baptism.

A door was opened for usefulness. I offered my humble services to the American Tract Society. They were accepted. I am now engaged as a colporteur for the Society. I am making every effort to win precious souls to the Saviour, and to disseminate evangelical knowledge. The work is hard, and I am frequently repulsed by many. I often turn from them with a bleeding heart. But none of these trials move me. I have many happy hours. The Son of God is my refuge. I am willing to spend, and be spent for Christ. I can never do enough to extend his kingdom among men. Oh, ye sons of the ocean, my heart yearns for your eternal welfare. I have been with some of you in the midnight storm. I am well acquainted with your feelings. Will you still persist in refusing the mercy of God in Christ Jesus? oh, remember God will not always bear with you, the day of mercy will not always continue; you will soon be again on the salt wave.

I shall penetrate further into the interior of the land. I am going one way, you are going another. Where will our next meeting be? At the bar of "eternal judgment," and what then?

Yours, sincerely,
W. G. B.

Gratifying Occurrence.

SPEAKING of the call of 200 sea-captains to make his acquaintance, Gen. Taylor remarked to a friend of ours, that it was one of the most gratifying occurrences of his life. They were the bone and sinew of the country, he said; "not a man of them wanted office."

He Came to Himself.

A NORWEGIAN sailor, well educated, and a prodigal of the worst kind, has recently come to himself. An aching heart has for some time urged him to forsake his sins, but not until recently has he been constrained to inquire on the subject of grieving the Holy Spirit, and the unpardonable sin. One of his enemies he has conquered—his habit of drinking. Another he is getting under his feet—his love of money. He says he is like Bunyan's man, engaged in gathering sticks and straws while over his head hung a crown of gold. He is deeply convinced that the love of God and the love of money cannot co-exist in the same heart. Several times he has visited the Rev. P. Stow, pastor of one of the Boston Bethels, to inquire on the subject of personal salvation. He now appears truly to have come to himself and to Jesus his Saviour.

Stockholm Sailor Missionary.

RETURNS from this missionary have just been received; from which it appears that during the quarter ending April 1, he had been zealously engaged in recommending the *one thing needful* to sailors and soldiers, and had sold two hundred and seventy-two copies of the word of God. And not to the Swedes only has he told the story of the cross; but to some precious souls from the mountains of Norway. He says he is especially and greatly encouraged by the promises recorded in Isa. 55: 10, 11.

Some write their wrongs in marble; others trace their griefs in the ocean sands.

Sailor's Letter.

Mobile, June 20th, 1848.

CAPT. RICHARDSON,

Dear Sir—I take my pen to return you my sincere thanks for your kindness to me while an inmate of the Sailor's Home. I feel under great obligation to you for getting me my present situation. I never have taken so much comfort since I have been to sea, as I have since I have been on board this ship. Old Capt. — is really a very fine man, a good man to his crew, and so are his officers. He does not allow any swearing or hard language to be used to his men. He has a great respect for temperance and religion. I have often heard him tell his men to read their bibles on Sunday instead of spinning yarns.

Rev. Mr. McGlashan, pastor of the Bethel in Mobile, came on board last Saturday and stayed till Tuesday. We hoisted the Bethel Flag on Sunday, and he preached to us at 11 A. M., and 3 P. M., and we had several ships companies on board at church.

I have many more things to communicate to you, but I have not time at present.

I remain your obedient servant,
J. T.

P. S. Mr. McGlashan has converted one of our men to the temperance cause. He wished me to get you to put his name on the books at the Home, and if he stands steadfast to his oath, I shall be pleased to present him to you. He is a good sailor, and all that has spoiled him, was the great enemy of mankind, I mean King Alcohol.

The English Race.

If nothing intervene to check the propagation of the English race, in 145 years it must number eight hundred millions of souls! outnumbering the present population of the globe! It now has about three-fourths of the commerce of the world; the business of the world is fast being done in the Eng-

lish language—a language containing the best system of theology and moral philosophy extant—and its enterprise is as fathomless, and as restless, and as steadily recurrent as the ocean and its tides. Who can comprehend its destiny! What language set forth its duty!

A Man Overboard.

WE have been furnished with the following extract from a letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Forbes to the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, dated Nov. 19, 1847, ship "A. H. Howland," S. latitude 14. 37.

"About sunrise, Nov. 1, although the wind had so lulled that we were scarce going three knots per hour, we were all startled with the cry of "a man overboard." As soon as possible, (where every one was so excited that nothing was attempted aright,) a boat was got down, but from the first no one could be seen in the water. He had only been seen standing on a cask and must have fallen from the cask over the side as the ship gave a heavy lurch. For a long time the boat rowed astern and sought in vain. After the boat returned and inquiry was made, he was found to be a fine young man, by the name of James Delegarde. The captain examined his chest for papers to find where his friends were, and found a journal of the voyage written in a beautiful hand, and in good style, with fine drawings of the different places they had touched at; but nothing written since they left the North West. He speaks in his journal of his uncle, a physician in Philadelphia, where he made his home, and manifestly moved in good, if not the best society—speaks of the contrast between a fore-castle and those happy days, when he went with them all to the house of God; with many similar reflections. Poor youth, he was evidently anticipating a happy welcome there in a few months more. How mysterious!

Safely he passed through all the rough seas and squally weather we had experienced, aloft and in many dangerous posts he had escaped, and now, in an almost calm day, standing on a cask in midships about the main-hatch, arranging some ropes, he was in one minute hurled into eternity. The shock was so sudden we could hardly realize it. I had had prayers in the cabin every night for some days, and he was always there when he could be."

ACCOUNT OF MONEY'S.

From July 15th, to August 15th, 1848.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. J. F. Mesick, by German Ref. Ch. Harrisburgh, Pa. (on ac't)	\$10 00
Rev. Elbridge Bradbury, by Ladies Seamen's Friend Society, New Providence, N. J.	50 00
Rev. John Marsh, by the late Margaret Ann Corning, of Brooklyn,	50 00

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Mrs. Ezra Carter, by Ladies S. F. Society, Concord, N. H.	20 00
Mrs. P. H. Gilbert, do do	20 00
Miss A. P. French, do do	20 00
Rev. John Scarlet, by Meth. Epis. Ch. Madison, N. J. (in part)	5 43
Benj. W. Raymond, Chicago, Ill.	20 00
Rev. Addison Coffee, by friends in Peoria, Ill.	20 05
Mrs. Anne H. B. Edgar, by Pres. Church Bridgehampton, L. I.	20 00
Rev. A. Weiting, Middletown, Pa. (balance)	10 00
Lemuel W. Wells, by Ref. Dutch Church, Yonkers, N. Y.	20 00
Rev. Elijah Crawford, by Meth. Epis. Church, Hartford, Ct.	26 00
Rev. T. A. Taylor, by Cong'l Soc'y Waterville, R. I.	26 00

Donations.

From Female Benev. Soc'y, New Haven, Vt.	9 00
Gen. Wm. Nash, do	5 00
Brick Church, N. Y. (balance) \$27 half for Marin's Ch. N. Y.	13 50
Ladies Seamen's Friend Soc'y Concord, N. H. in addition to \$60 for L. M.	140 00
Cong'l Soc'y Wolcott, Ct.	10 00
David Smith, Milford, "	1 00

Meth. Epis. Ch. Greenvillage, Ct.	2 89
David Brown, Chatham, N. J.	1 00
Ladies Seamen's Friend Soc'y, New Providence, N. J. (in addition to \$50 for L. D.)	50 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Saybrook, Ct.	15 00
Rev. S. A. Loper, Hadlyme, Ct.	3 00
Enfield Benev. Soc'y, Enfield, Ct.	110 11
Meth. Epis. Church, Lenox, Mass.	10 15
" " Pittsfield, "	15 80
Friends, Lenox, Mass.	2 50
Friends, West Stockbridge, "	7 10
Ladies Circle of Industry, Amherst, Mass.	10 00
A Lady, "	12 00
First Cong'l Soc'y, Sharon, Ct. (in part)	8 00
J. C. Hoyt, "	1 00
Friends in Buffalo, N. Y.	24 40
Friends in Chicago, Ill.	18 00
Friends in 1st Pres. ch. St. Louis Mo.	12 50
Friends in 3d do Pitts'g, Pa.	15 47
Sixth St. ch., N. Y., \$5, half for Mariners ch., N. Y.	2 50
Center Ch., Hartford, Ct.	206 73
North Cong'l Soc'y do do	125 97
Cong'l Soc'y, Goshen, Ct.	13 87
Sunday School, of Cong'l Soc'y, West Hartford, Ct.	25 00
Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Westbrook, Ct.	7 29
Mercer St. Ch., \$12, half for Mariners' Ch., N. Y.	6 00
Meth. Epis. Ch., Fair Haven, Ct.	10 00
Meth. do John St., New Haven, Ct.	8 75
North Cong'l Soc'y, Middlet'n, Ct.	35 00
Baptist Ch. do do	3 59
John W. Pease, Hartford, Ct.	1 00
Friends in do do	3 00
Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, do for sick Sailors	3 00
Miss Jane Hagerman, Brooklyn, N. Y.	50
Cong'l Soc'y New Canaan, Ct.	21 32
First Church, Worcester, Mass.	52 25
Union Church, "	50 00
Cong'l Soc. West Boylston, "	36 20
	<hr/> \$1,426 78

Legacies.

Miss Julia Green, late of South Bend, Ia., \$25.	
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Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Two aged widow ladies, Kingsborough, N. Y. 1 quilt, 1 table cloth, 2 towels, 2 pair woollen socks.	
Juvenile Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Second Cong'l Soc'y, Guilford, Ct. two quilts.	